





PEGASUS

PEGASUS is a literary publication of Lowell State College and is published bi-annually under the auspices of the Student Government Association.

"Literature is an investment of genius which pays dividends to all subsequent times."

JOHN BURROUGHS

Literary Fame

THE STAFF

EDITOR

John Faria

ASSISTANT EDITOR

Suzanne Molleur

PROSE EDITOR

Robert Cyr

ASSISTANT PROSE EDITOR

Vivian Szetela

POETRY EDITOR

Patricia Price

ASSISTANT POETRY EDITOR

Gerry Marchand

ART EDITOR

Didi Tsirovasiles

ASSISTANT ART EDITOR

Patricia Bernard

MUSIC EDITOR

Sally Vierra

LITERARY BOARD

Dianna Costello

EXCHANGE EDITOR

Thomas Meagher

Patricia Miller

Diane Winters

PUBLIC RELATIONS

Linda Corcoran

BUSINESS MANAGER

Janet Haldane

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER

Kathleen Moynihan

FACULTY ADVISOR

Robert Gerst

TABLE OF CONTENTS

MUSIC

PIECE FOR FLUTE AND PIANO #2 — Paul Gay	20
TWO MINIATURES FOR OBOE AND PIANO — Raymond Gaumont	36
TONADA — Molly Lambing	48

PROSE

THE MAKING OF A POEM: SINCERITY — A. A. Fox	9
THE ROOKIE — Vivian Szetela	26
LECTURE — Stuart Smith	34
GONE FISHING — Patricia Bernard	39
FOOD FOR CLOWNS — John Faria	70

ART

PORTRAIT — Celia Petersen	6
OP ART—	
Joanna Mollica	12
J. Ruggiero	13
Mary De Angelis	14
Joan Horton	15
Malandrino	16
B. Pelczar	17

BLOCK PRINTS—

Candice Lunetta	52
Patricia Alonzi	53
Gary Travis	54
Janice T. Nickerson	55

PRINT — Carol Pepin	65
-------------------------------	----

INK SKETCH — Gary Travis	66
------------------------------------	----

LIGHT ON A HORN — Marjorie Sullivan	79
---	----

PHOTOGRAPHY—

ELEVATED — Richard Siegel	28
ROXBURY BLACK AND WHITE — Richard Siegel	29
MILL POND — Geraldine Vogt	62

POETRY

THE TRAP — Elizabeth Balise	7
SINCERITY — A. A. Fox	8
HAIKU — Kit Keane	18
DREAMS OF INNOCENCE — K. E. Hobbs	19
THIS TIME — Suzanne Molleur	25
A PAGAN CHRIST — Elizabeth Balise	27
LINES WRITTEN IN FOUR SEASONS — Robert Cyr	30
WEDNESDAY — frank m. baglione	32
A EULOGY TO A SOLDIER — Brenda Dickinson	33
A CHOCKFUL MOTHER — Gerry Marchand	33
TRILOGY: TO SUMMER AND JOHN A. — P. J. Price	42
LOST LOVE — Sandi Newsome	45
TREES — Jay Rizzetto	45
THE NORTH STAR — M. Barbara Howes	46
FALLING, FALLING — Richard O'Brien	47
THE DANDELION — Elizabeth Balise	56
THE THOUGHT — Suzanne Molleur	57
SKIES OF BEING — Rachel Soucy	58
REFLECTIONS ON YOU — K. E. Hobbs	59
THE UNSURE MIND IN AMBULATION — Thomas Proctor	60
CELINE DE WITT OF LE RUE DE MUSK—Gerry Marchand	63
WHY NOT DEATH — Richard O'Brien	64
WORDS — M. Barbara Howes	69
A ROSE FOR YOU AND EVERYONE — Audrey Moses	67
NEW YEARS — Linda M. Quinn	68
THE DINGLE — Elizabeth Balise	75
MISTAKEN — Elizabeth Balise	75
APHRODISIACS — A. A. Fox	76
MY LAST DREAM FLED — Patricia Bernard	78
A SONG — Robert Cyr	80



—Celia Petersen

The Trap

Across the white paper
A green scribble of jungle
Conceals a mesh of blue crayon netting
Set by Bwana Sara.
Grasping her crayon
Till her fingers are white
She secures the net's ends in the margins
And off onto the table.
The lion walks in the undergrowth
Unsuspecting, unseen,
Padding softly
Through shadows
On the net.
Sara waits tensely for the climax
Of her safari.
Crayon in hand,
Trusting firmly in the guile of her contraption
She yanks the rope.
Up goes the blue net.
Around go four silent paws.
Another trophy for her mind.

—Elizabeth Balise

Sincerity

Sincerity can be
making the invisible back legs of a sofa
of the same rare wood as the visible front legs;
but is (of course) more:
a water witch dousing in the Nefud.

The dum dum that is not satiated by a limb
but goes on to explode the trunk
is the sincere way of killing.
(To maim is to hedge.)

In Dante's Hell or winter pears,
rot begins at the core.
Here is the most sincere failure.
When maturity fails, senility is preferable
to arthritic knuckles or insidious gangrene.

The word derives (some claim)
from **sine cere**, "without wax,"
from the inferior Latin sculptors' practice
of disguising with wax the marble's cracks and
their own chiseled blunders.
(Thus Hamlet judged smooth Ophelia insincere.)

Sincerity is not utopian
(for visionaries supersede the fact),
but is nevertheless More's recommendation
that an engaged couple show themselves naked
to each other (in the presence of elders),
that offensive bodily flaws not reveal themselves
too late, in marriage.

(Deformities are not the only offenders,
but gentle More took for granted truth-telling,
humility, constancy, obedience—
those hidden forms of sincerity.)

—A. A. Fox

The Making of a Poem: "Sincerity"

In an age when the mass media supersaturates us with fact, the craft of poetry is not well documented. My colleague, Mr. Liggera, believes that poetry is dead, that it had had center stage too long and should retire; and although I agree with him that a "Poet is not a lady," I will not admit to his obituary. However, here I digress.

My dearest friend asked me in a letter—she teaches at Tel Aviv U.—how I ever "dug out" the images in the last poem I had sent her, "Sincerity." (She has, I think I should add, some quarrel with my images: "You have too many over-powering images to cushion or support the idea of your poems. The images . . . detract from the poem as an entire organism," she wrote. She is almost a non-image poet. I, as you shall see, think the metaphor crucial to the world of the poem. It is the carrier pigeon; the message is tied to it.) Because the images for this particular poem were gathered over a period of two weeks, I decided to record the gathering for my friend Miriam, and for general interest; the process is rarely traced.

Some people collect string wherever they go, knotting the lengths together, and winding them into balls. I collect metaphors; they are my "found objects." Whenever I read, hear, observe, or imagine one, I recognize it immediately and—unless distracted—scribble it away on a scrap of paper. Images may lie in my desk drawers for six months before they are employed; at rare intervals some are discarded; occasionally they are metamorphosed or combined with other images.

"Sincerity" was (comparatively) easy to write, because I knew almost from the beginning what tone I wanted it to carry. Knowing the tone is almost as helpful as knowing what I want to say. More than half the time—and this will surprise you—I have no conscious idea of either tone or intended meaning, and so grope in twilight, putting lines into different arrangements, discarding lines or whole stanzas, inventing new ones. (I say "twilight" because instinct cannot be disregarded in this craft; instinct differentiates night from what is not quite that dark.)

The first "Sincerity" metaphor I "found" is, by mere coincidence I assure you, the first one in the poem. My Grandmother is teaching me the science of upholstery, and as we were tacking burlap onto a loveseat one afternoon in early October she observed that its back and front legs were of the same wood, and that cabinet makers of budget furniture had often skimmed on the back legs by using a cheaper wood. Instantly I was struck by the fact; I had no idea what I would do with it; but a poet never allows metaphorical game to escape.

The second image I found is the "without wax" definition. (This is not, by the way, the Webster derivation; but *that* plays a subliminal part in the poem.) While purchasing more burlap, I leafed through a pattern catalog, and in the front this derivation caught my eye. (What waxlessness had to do with patterns and dressmaking is still unknown to me, because I did not finish reading the page; a part-time artist must be practical, must conserve time.) This definition gave me the notion to write a poem defining sincerity, and with that in mind I immediately connected the furniture image with this waxless one. (Hamlet and Ophelia arrived late.)

Then came the image from More's *Utopia*. I read *Utopia* six years ago (for a term paper for Dr. Goler), and the image floated to the surface one day to become another on my growing list. (I am concentrating here on images eventually used; a number were found but discarded as too weak—I was determined to avoid the fragile or namby-pamby in this poem until I had built a fortress to contain it.)

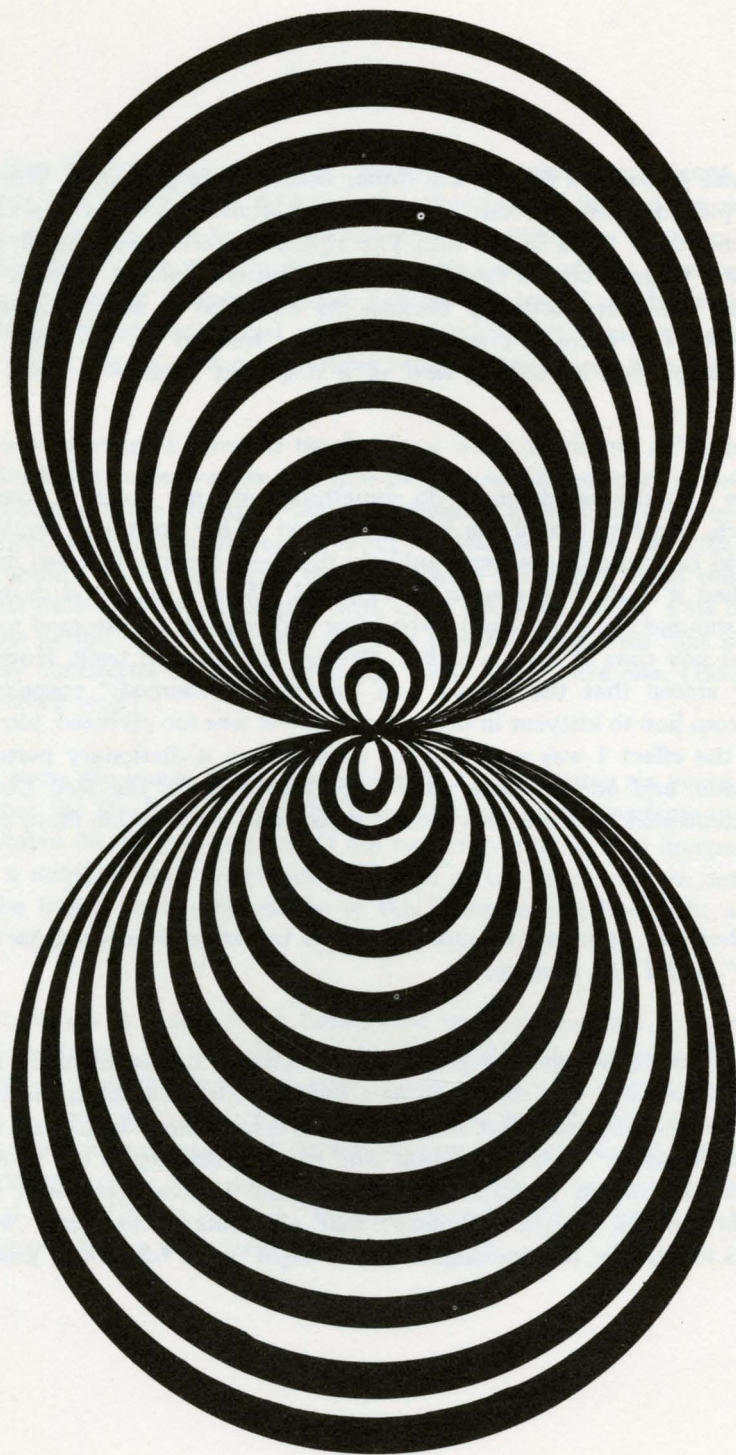
The dumdum is a soft-nosed bullet that my husband had told me about at some time during our marriage, probably within the last year. Its nose is marked with an X so that it will blossom slowly in the wound; in fact, it unfolds so slowly (in contrast to other bullets) that it may travel the length of a limb before its explosion is complete. A person wounded by one cannot survive. (The name "dumdum" comes from an arsenal near Calcutta, India; and I believe their use is illegal in the United States.) "To maim is to hedge" is one of the last lines I wrote, but one of the most important to the poem.

"Winter pears" is a description rather than a variety of pear. Winter pears are those picked when still hard, inedible, and allowed to ripen in a cool place during a month or more of the fall. The ripe pears are deceptive in that they often appear perfect, but an incising reveals a decayed center. Dante's Hell was linked with the pears not only because its structure is analagous with their deception but also because I was teaching the "Inferno" at the time; you see, one can always find something new in a dogeared classic—if one's mind is receptive.

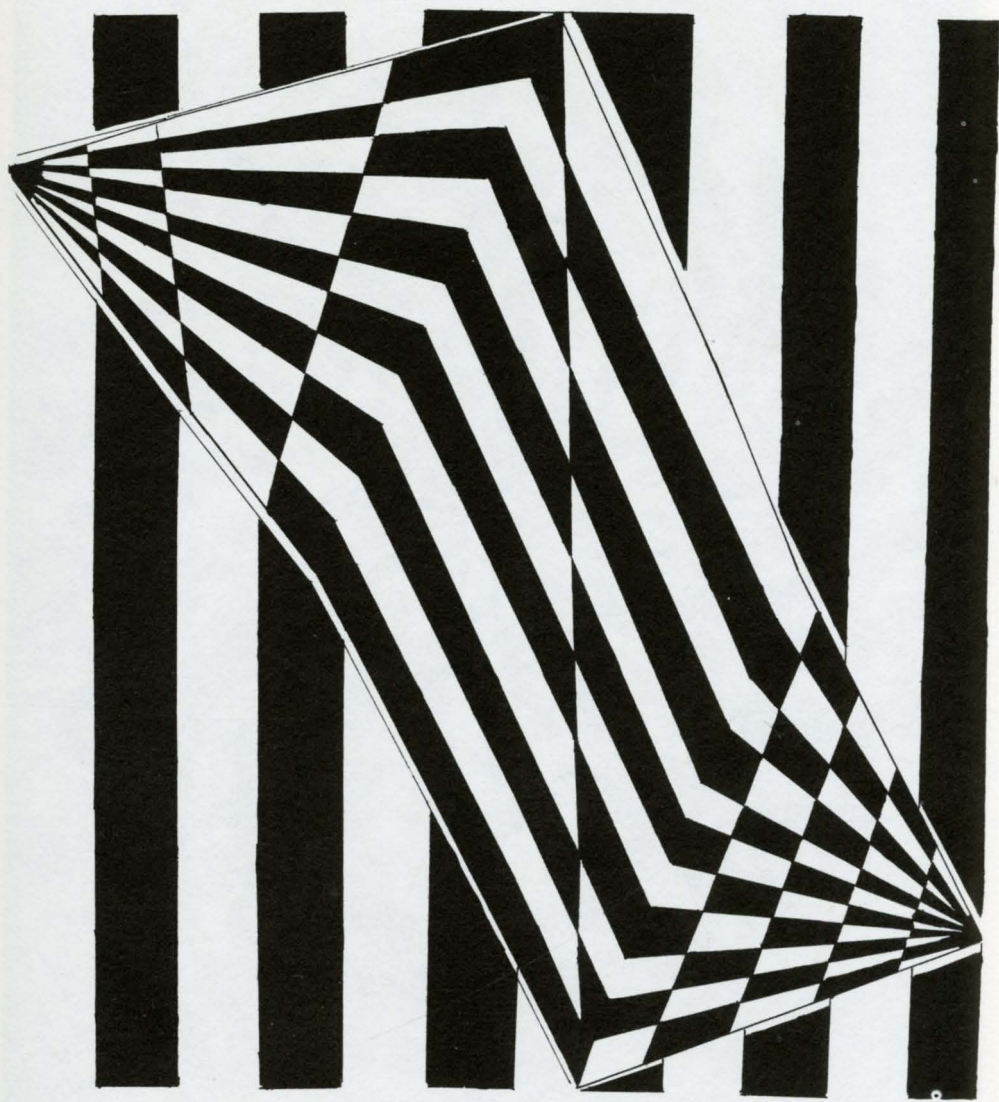
When I finally sat down to do something with my notes, I invented the water witch, deciding that if she really believed in *her* craft, she would believe water could be found in the most unlikely place—a desert. "Sahara" floated up, but I pushed it aside with disgust: hackneyed. "What's the worst desert in the world?" I shouted to my husband (who after two years is accustomed to this sort of query at any time of day or night). "Negev," he shouted back. However, the dictionary stated that the Negev was "partially reclaimed;" consequently it declined from lion to kittycat in my estimation—it was too civilized, too domesticated for the effect I was seeking. But I have been a dictionary peruser since second grade, and on the same page I spotted "Nefud," the Red Desert. My husband confirmed that this was "really a badness"—one of his more endearing phrases.

Another day, four or five more revisions to excise deadwood, to find "the best word", and I had a poem.

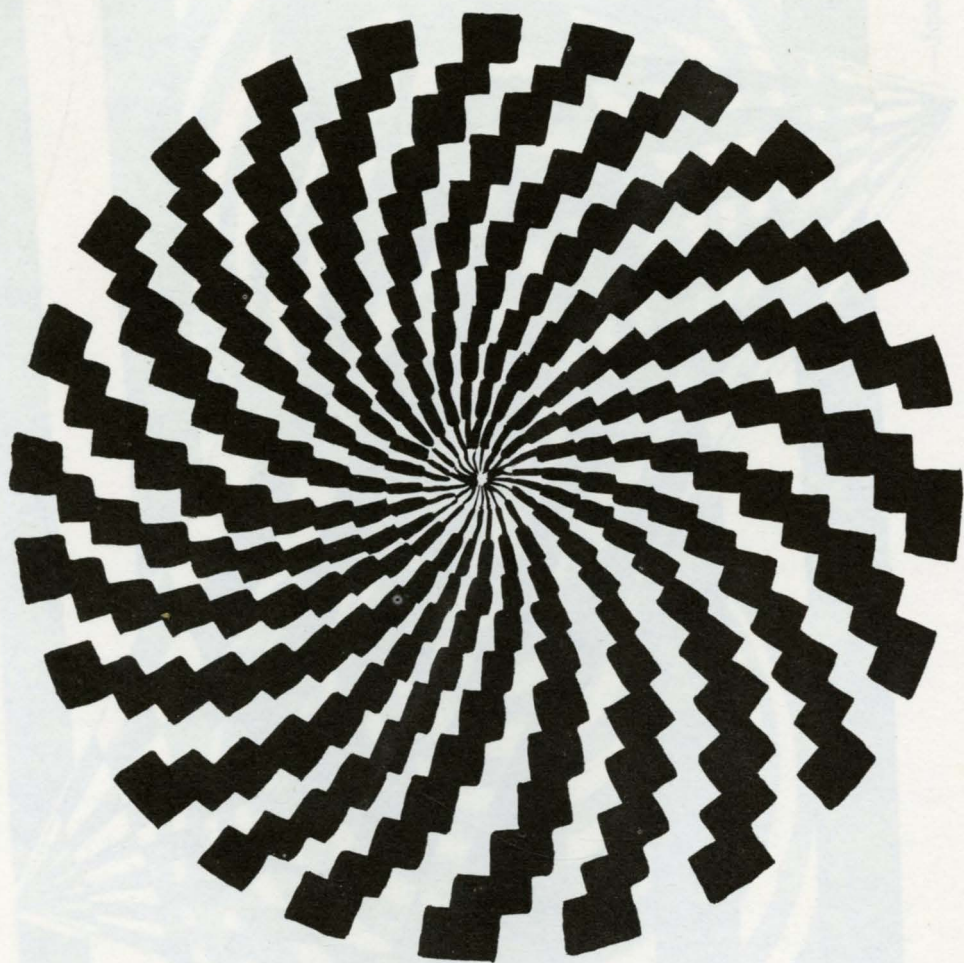
This is not to say that all poems accumulate as do sedimentary rock and snowballs. "Sincerity" was conceived as a definition by examples; therefore, the examples had to be found. But it would be oversimplification to call the technique "accumulation." There is a great deal more selectivity in the process. But if, when completed, the poem is a good one (and I have discovered from my readings in various "collected poems" that all poets occasionally write bad poems), its form, tone, and message seem so "right" as to have been predestined.



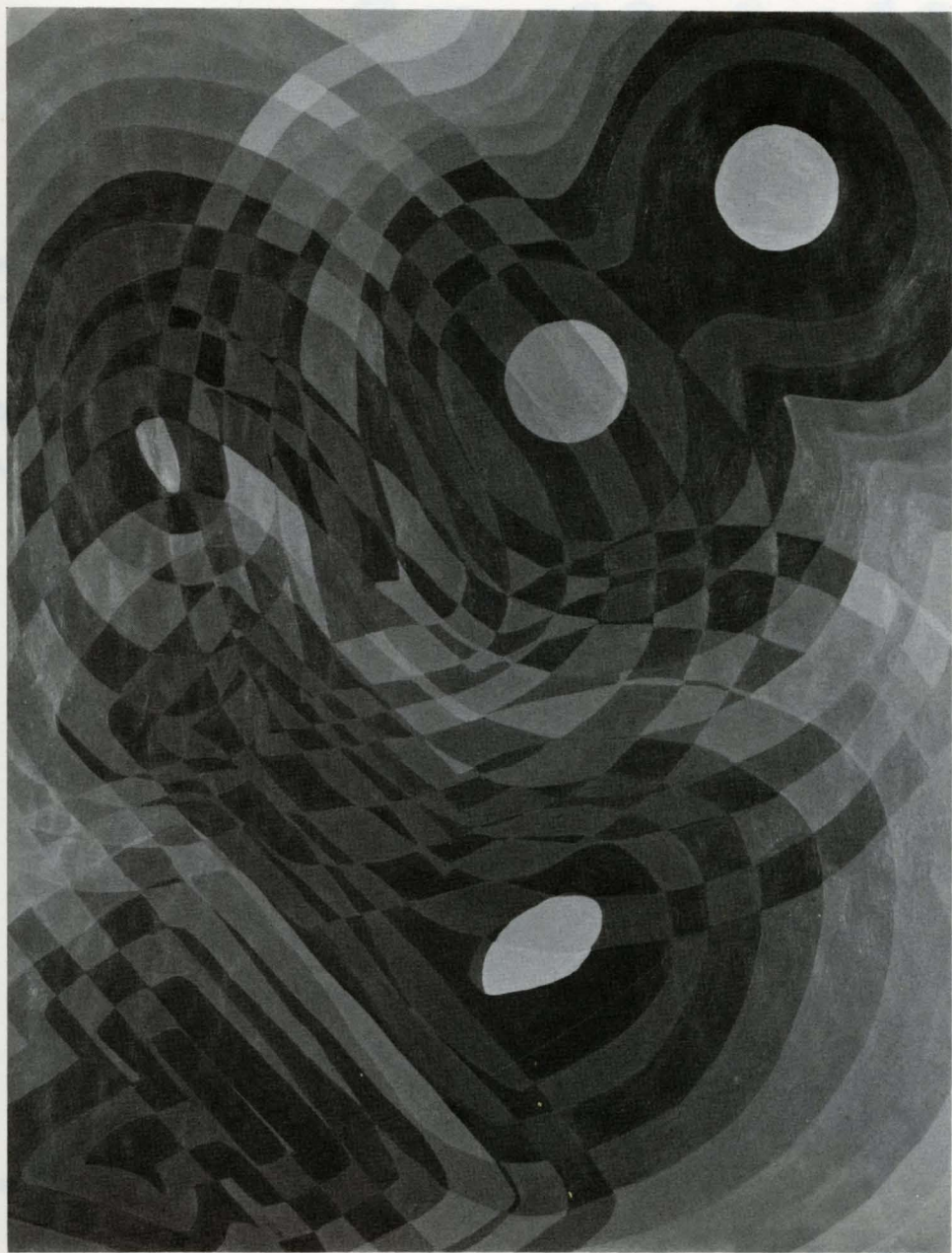
—Joanna Mollica



—J. Ruggiero



Mary De Angelis



—Joan Horton





B. Pelczar

Haiku

Champagne hued crystals
Sun on morning snow
Like teardrops in Summer's eye

—Kit Keane

Charcoal etched fingers
Of now barren trees
Grope the grey-enameled sky

—Kit Keane

Dreams of Innocence

We were young then,
 barefoot,
with the waves wetting our pantlegs
 up to our knees —
with cotton candy sticky fingers
 and sunshine pink
freckled noses.

We were happy.
 toes,
rock scraped,
 slipping on seaweed
while the seagulls
 mocked our attempts
at scaling their cliffs.

We were foolish.
 we thought,
as innocence does,
 that when we both grew up
happy would still
 mean the same thing
to both of us.

—K. E. Hobbs

Piece for Flute and Piano #2

Paul Gay

Flute

Piano

f

f

tr

mf

GRA....., Loco

f

Handwritten musical score on ten staves. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The score is organized into three systems of three staves each.

System 1 (Staves 1-3): The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The second and third staves are in bass clef. The music features complex rhythmic patterns and dynamic markings such as *mp* (mezzo-piano).

System 2 (Staves 4-6): The fourth staff continues the melodic line. The fifth and sixth staves show a change in tempo and dynamics, marked *Meno mosso* and *mp*. The sixth staff includes a time signature change to 3/8.

System 3 (Staves 7-9): The seventh staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The eighth and ninth staves are in bass clef. The music features complex rhythmic patterns and dynamic markings such as *sfz* (sforzando) and *rit.* (ritardando).

System 4 (Staff 10): The tenth staff continues the melodic line, marked *Tempo I°* and *rit.*

A Tempo

Handwritten musical score for the first system, measures 1-4. The music is in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of one sharp (F#). Measure 1 has a forte (f) dynamic. Measure 2 has a piano (p) dynamic. Measure 3 has a piano (p) dynamic. Measure 4 has a piano (p) dynamic. The notation includes various note values, rests, and articulation marks.

Handwritten musical score for the second system, measures 5-8. The music continues in treble and bass clefs. Measure 5 has a piano (p) dynamic. Measure 6 has a piano (p) dynamic. Measure 7 has a piano (p) dynamic. Measure 8 has a piano (p) dynamic. The notation includes various note values, rests, and articulation marks.

Handwritten musical score for the third system, measures 9-12. The music continues in treble and bass clefs. Measure 9 has a piano (p) dynamic. Measure 10 has a piano (p) dynamic. Measure 11 has a piano (p) dynamic. Measure 12 has a piano (p) dynamic. The notation includes various note values, rests, and articulation marks.

Handwritten musical score for the fourth system, measures 13-16. The music continues in treble and bass clefs. Measure 13 has a piano (p) dynamic. Measure 14 has a piano (p) dynamic. Measure 15 has a piano (p) dynamic. Measure 16 has a piano (p) dynamic. The notation includes various note values, rests, and articulation marks.

Handwritten musical score on ten staves. The notation includes treble and bass clefs, key signatures of two flats, and various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The score is divided into sections with tempo changes.

Key markings and dynamics include:

- mp* (mezzo-piano) at the beginning of the fifth staff.
- A Tempo* at the beginning of the sixth staff.
- Presto* at the beginning of the eighth staff.

At the end of the eighth staff, there are large handwritten numbers **6** and **8** next to the *Presto* marking.

8va -

Handwritten musical score on a page with four systems of staves. The first system has a treble staff with a melodic line and two bass staves with accompaniment. The second system continues the accompaniment. The third system shows the end of a phrase with a double bar line. The fourth system continues the accompaniment. The notation includes various musical symbols like notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

October 18, 1958

This Time

When did the green come?
I promised I would watch to see each bud unfold,
To see the spare brown pattern of the woods threaded
With a fresher hue.

I said, "This time I'll notice
How the green flame catches in the sodden lawns
And how the brittle fields along the highway bend
And soften.

I'll have the time.
Each morning's drive will give me
Twenty minutes to look outside the window as I pass."

But once again the leaves are here already.
Already the grass glows in the May sun, the
Woods are full, the fields whisper in the wind.

Once more the buds have swelled and burst without my
knowing.
The world's grown green.
Once more I can't say how or when.

—Suzanne Molleur

The Rookie

Jack Benson took batting practice with the regulars that day. He listened as the players jokingly harassed each other while waiting for a turn in the cage. He sensed the easy flow of camaraderie among them and he longed to be a part of it. Some of the younger teammates smiled at him and occasionally included him in a clubhouse conversation, but it was not the free-wheeling banter that they enjoyed with the veterans. Even the clubhouse man was a part of that world.

Jack was called up to the Crowns from its Triple A farm club in April. He had worked hard in Greenville, thinking of nothing else but the chance that the Crowns might bring him into the big league soon. Baseball gave him so many of the things he wanted in life. More than anything, he treasured the moments the team united in a single power to overcome the other club. He would serve up to his memory, almost greedily, the one-run ball games and come-from-behind victories. The air, he remembered, had been electric then, but with an undercurrent of the players' deep concern for each other.

Here with the Crowns, Jack was alone. He resented the treatment he received, was jealous of the long-time friendships among the players, but at the same time afraid that one of them would discover his anxiety. He wondered how long he could live with this situation and still be the same person.

In the dugout, Jack sat motionless as he had since the first inning. He watched as Carma the pitcher left the bench to take his turn at the plate. The score was close and old Joe the manager decided to substitute someone for the tired Carma. He signaled for Jack. The rookie grabbed his bat from the rack and took some practice swipes as he headed for the plate. The significance of the moment almost overwhelmed him. This was Jack's ticket to the club within the Crowns. He felt much as he had the day the Crowns scout came to Redmonte to see him play in the Legion game. He was signed into the Crowns organization that day. Today, in this game, he would form a bond with his teammates that would complete his new major league life.

Jack knocked the clay out of his spikes and took his stance in the box. The first pitch brushed him back but he couldn't believe that the umpire had actually called a strike on him. He silently vowed to put the next pitch out of the park but all he did was cut the air with a big rip. Jack was down by two but the next pitch was a fat one. Bat connected with ball and Jack watched as it flew into the left-fielder's glove. He walked dejectedly toward the dugout hoping that one of the boys would speak, reassuring him that everything would be all right. He prayed for the words that would surely initiate him into the Crowns. Jack entered the dugout and walked slowly to his seat on the bench. He searched the faces of his teammates whose eyes looked beyond him to the field. The silence spoke louder than any voice ever would. He sat down and waited for his next turn at bat.

—Vivian Szetela

A Pagan Christ

Heavy with age she flies
A goddess on a grieving sky
In which the sun is slung.
Her temple sanctuary was not far.
The guardian of gods waited
To witness her eruption, a self-pyre.
Her fraying feathers and slimy tail
Hide her fantasia.
Yet she is as rare as eternity.
Her shadow crosses the temple.
Her wings sigh,
Squeezing the air beneath them.
The fated sun ignites the fateless
As she suspends her body erect.
Sparks ruffle her neck and crest.
Streaming torches were feathers.
Tindered wings at full expanse
A glowing crucifix against a smoldering time.

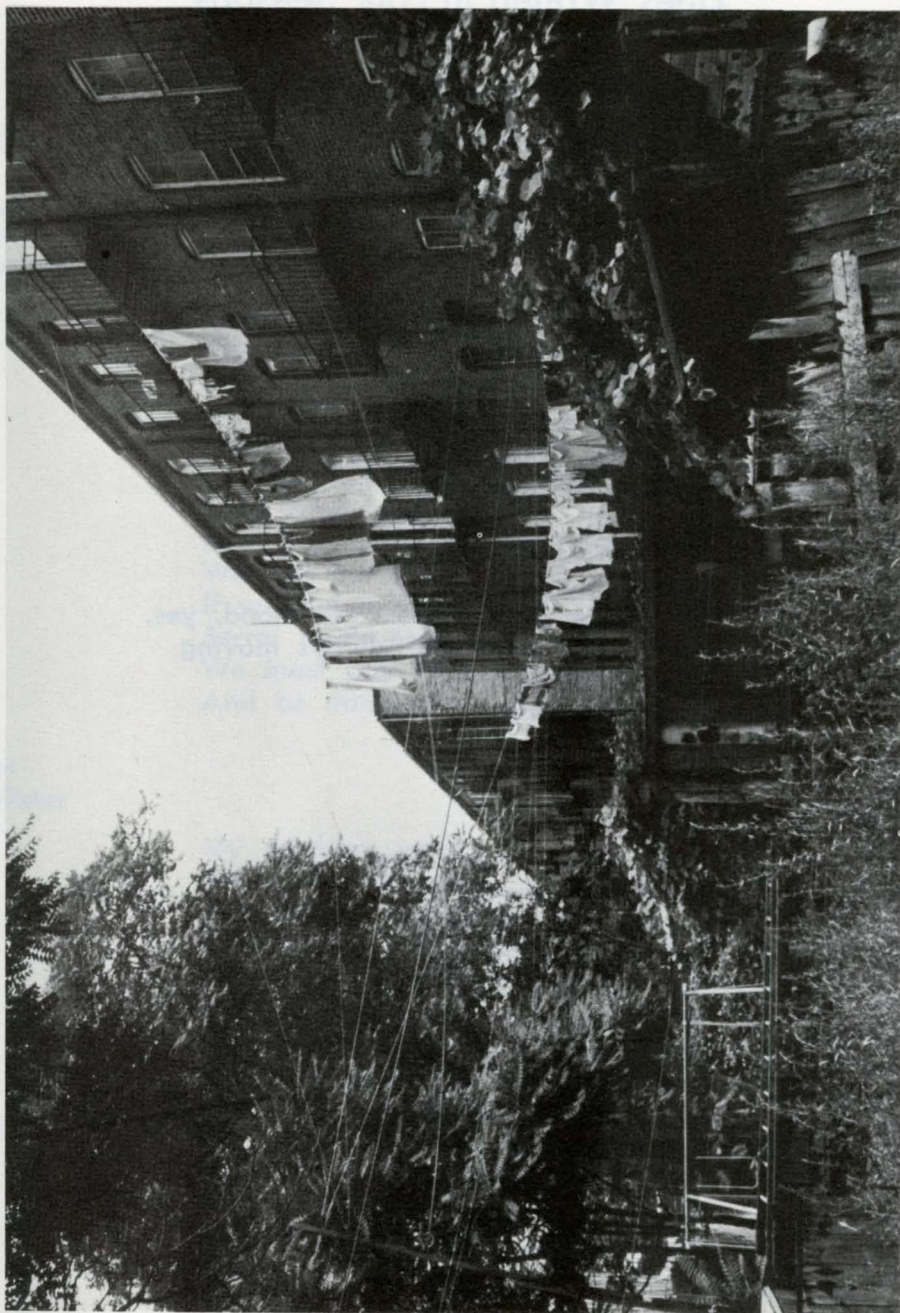
Not ashes to ashes
But flames to feathers.
Come again in glory.

—Elizabeth Balise

Elevated



Roxbury Black and White



"Lines Written in Four Seasons"

... Nous te disions l'Épouse mi-terrestre: comme la femme, périodique, et comme la gloire, saisonnière;

Mais toi tu vas, et nous ignores, roulant ton épaisseur d'idiome sur la tristesse de nos gloires et la célébrité des sites engloutis.

St.-John Perse, *Amers*

For
Spring

I thought of it once
And it drove me
Very near madness.
I swore, then, I'd return,
To return to the dark forests
Where the trees are
Very tall
And where all is still,
Search there
Kin thicker than water and blood, yes,
Dark and warm and always moving
Who longs for me
And who waits.

For
Summer

The night is apart from us,
She stares ahead.
O, the night is warm
But the coolness is there, too.
She will not know us,
Though we run to her.
Like a woman aloof
She stares, her eyes unmoving,
From your fool's heart.
She knows us,
Knows we are hers,
But our hearts are chalices
And the blood's the wine.

A Eulogy to a Soldier

For
Autumn

These things not ours, I think,
We are not to understand.
For who would look upon her face
Or know her name?
No.
As she walks, we may look, yes,
Only when she's passed.
Burn our hearts for eight thousand more and still
We will not know.
If we but touch on it,
Secret that's essence,
We must pay for it, die for it
And be damned.

For
Winter

My shadows wait
Under the embers
And flames are gone.
A thousand times have felt
Those damned encroaching
Dying pasts.
Cursed for memories
Too long dwelling
Unimagined moments
They were not, just so.
Now the souls are old
And cold
And weary waiting.

—Robert Cyr

Wednesday

i took this flower
for you
from the city park
when it was dark
and the autumn shower
was new
and put it in my coat
beneath
a pack of metal
that crushed the petal
and broke the root
and leaf
but you kissed the flower
in my hand
and wore it in your hair
saying i don't care
and the silly flower
bloomed again

—frank m. baglione

A Eulogy to a Soldier

He who sprang from love
And a lover's soft caress
Has died in hate of all mankind
In fields of bloody death.

—Brenda Dickinson

A chockful mother then knelt down
And bore her child into the ground
And cast her brazen head up high
And spat her blood up to the sky;
Forcing out, stretching hide,
She screamed, chattered, clawed and cried.
Tough.

—Gerry Marchand

Lecture

Our feeling that we'll never be able to do justice to our cultural heritage has reached the point where we're paralyzed by guilt. (art "stopped" at 1900, 1859, 1914, 1941, etc. — depends on who you ask). We feel so indebted to our cultural forebears that we're "constipated with history." We've come to believe that we're dead and that life is in our cherished works of art, which, of course, existed before us and will outlive us.

The bondage of all cultures to their cultural heritage is a neurotic constriction. (N.O.Brown)

Colleges and universities are obsessed with pre-twentieth century Europe. Result: all college courses are history (except gym, which is an art course, games being the only current art form allowed).

With intimidating historical models built into every music course, historical procedures and scholarly analysis are taken by students to be directly applicable to the creation of music. (Larry Austin)

The problem: how *not* to have "monuments" (not just the granite kind — a "Great Sonata" can be just as oppressive).

To idealize is to idolize; to make an idol; to translate into a fixed image for contemplation; to turn into monumental form; to turn into stone. (N.O.Brown)

The answer isn't deliberate destruction of the remnants of the past but, if possible, simply a letting-go of them: non-attachment (for most of us it isn't possible — our lives are a web of attachments).

Works should be a point of departure, not a perpetual point of reference. (Alan Watts)

Curiosity and awareness; receptive vs. aggressive attitude; love of the “ness-ness-ness” of life; minimum of “personality” — (all really giving up the illusion that any of our techniques — artistic or otherwise — “controls” anything).

Revolting against themselves, the Chinese send tradition-maintaining artists, actors, musicians off to hard labor in distant places.
(John Cage)

One possibility: disposable art — posters, for example (or non-durable art, e.g., Pollock canvasses in ruined condition after 6-7 years, even under museum conditions). Perishable form. Or, how about edible art?

Invade areas where nothing's definite (areas micro and macro — adjacent to the one we know in). It won't sound like music — serial or electronic. It'll sound like what we hear when we're not hearing music, just hearing whatever wherever we happen to be. But to accomplish this our technological means must be constantly changing. (John Cage)

We have to change our means so that each new discovery will have no time to become too familiar, i.e., a monument. Each discovery is “consumed” — it's impossible to regurgitate it and have it over again. The time when it's possible to make a new object is always very brief. Any new technique soon becomes a machine cranking out replicas. We've had the Sonata-machine, the serialism-machine, also the novel-machine, the 3-act play-machine, and the Impressionism-machine, etc.

Art is a wrestler with history, not an aspect of its expression.
(R. Gilman)

Art happens when the artist has no idea of what he's doing (art = tentative, interrogatory act). Then it's impossible to reduce his work to a single meaning, his conscious intention (which can be figured out and, hence, is not very interesting).

—Stuart Smith

Raymond Gaumont

I. Andante

Piano

II. Allegro

Handwritten musical score for a piece titled "II. Allegro". The score is written for a piano and includes parts for the right hand (RH.) and left hand (LH.). The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The score is divided into four systems, each containing three staves (treble, middle, and bass clef).

System 1: The first staff (treble clef) begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The second staff (middle clef) begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The third staff (bass clef) begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The first measure of the first staff contains a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 4/4 time signature. The first measure of the second staff contains a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 4/4 time signature. The first measure of the third staff contains a bass clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 4/4 time signature. The first measure of the first staff contains a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 4/4 time signature. The first measure of the second staff contains a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 4/4 time signature. The first measure of the third staff contains a bass clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 4/4 time signature.

System 2: The first staff (treble clef) begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The second staff (middle clef) begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The third staff (bass clef) begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The first measure of the first staff contains a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 4/4 time signature. The first measure of the second staff contains a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 4/4 time signature. The first measure of the third staff contains a bass clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 4/4 time signature. The first measure of the first staff contains a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 4/4 time signature. The first measure of the second staff contains a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 4/4 time signature. The first measure of the third staff contains a bass clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 4/4 time signature.

System 3: The first staff (treble clef) begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The second staff (middle clef) begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The third staff (bass clef) begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The first measure of the first staff contains a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 4/4 time signature. The first measure of the second staff contains a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 4/4 time signature. The first measure of the third staff contains a bass clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 4/4 time signature. The first measure of the first staff contains a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 4/4 time signature. The first measure of the second staff contains a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 4/4 time signature. The first measure of the third staff contains a bass clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 4/4 time signature.

System 4: The first staff (treble clef) begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The second staff (middle clef) begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The third staff (bass clef) begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The first measure of the first staff contains a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 4/4 time signature. The first measure of the second staff contains a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 4/4 time signature. The first measure of the third staff contains a bass clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 4/4 time signature. The first measure of the first staff contains a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 4/4 time signature. The first measure of the second staff contains a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 4/4 time signature. The first measure of the third staff contains a bass clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 4/4 time signature.

Handwritten musical score, first system. It consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef, the middle in treble clef, and the bottom in bass clef. The music features various notes, rests, and accidentals. A triplet of eighth notes is marked with a '3' in the first measure of the top staff. The word 'legato' is written above the second measure of the bottom staff.

Handwritten musical score, second system. It consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef, the middle in treble clef, and the bottom in bass clef. The music continues with various notes, rests, and accidentals. A triplet of eighth notes is marked with a '3' in the first measure of the top staff. The word 'legato' is written above the second measure of the bottom staff.

Handwritten musical score, third system. It consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef, the middle in treble clef, and the bottom in bass clef. The music continues with various notes, rests, and accidentals. A triplet of eighth notes is marked with a '3' in the first measure of the top staff. The word 'legato' is written above the second measure of the bottom staff.

Handwritten musical score, fourth system. It consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef, the middle in treble clef, and the bottom in bass clef. The music continues with various notes, rests, and accidentals. A triplet of eighth notes is marked with a '3' in the first measure of the top staff. The word 'legato' is written above the second measure of the bottom staff.

Gone Fishing

Diggings in Lawrence, Mass. have turned up a trunk load of priceless manuscripts. While shoveling for worms, Dr. B. Yard chanced upon the greatest literary treasure of this century—manuscripts revealing the history and authorship of anonymous proverbs. For 50¢ a copy, Dr. Yard has kindly offered to Xerox individual tales for publication. Having \$1.50 at the time, we were able to secure only several stories which we have reprinted below.

Proverb #1

He who falls in love with himself
will have no rivals.

ANONYMOUS

On March 1, 1413 in England a man walked along a dirt road with his faithful mutt, Hemcelph. Having traveled non-stop for eight hours, both anxiously anticipated eating. They came upon a native villager and inquired about the nearest diner.

The peasant replied, "Over on Third Road in the town of Luvve there's a place, Mac. Cheap but clean. Be careful of the holes in the road." Heedlessly, the man and Hemcelph hurried towards "McDiners." Unfortunately, they never ate because they fell into a king-size hole (made by Zeus during a crater-composing contest held the night before). The inhabitants of Luvve inscribed upon the deceased's headstone:

He who falls in Luvve with Hemcelph
will have no Rivaless.

The ambitious grocer's union in Luvve added the brand name of their chief produce, Rivaless, for publicity purposes.

Proverb #2

Do not remove a fly from your friend's
head with a hatchet.

Chinese Proverb

It is written in the ancient scrolls of the high-priest Ya Ha:

One night a festive gathering was occurring on the posh estate of Hiam Rii-che, a well-to-do nylon zipper manufacturer. The party was in high gear with Geisha girls popping out of papier-maché Buddha heads and saki streaming from vessels shaped like Samurai swords.

Widow Rii-che restlessly tossed in bed unable to sleep above the frenzied activities happening downstairs. Furious at her son's disregard for her failing health she sputtered, "I'll fix his pants!"

Grabbing her scissors, Mama stomped to her son's clothes closet and relieved all his trousers of their Rii-che nylon zippers.

Meanwhile, unsuspecting Hiam soaked up to his chin in Calgon Bath Beads softening his skin. (Ancient Chinese custom—host's appear at parties only after it starts swinging.)

In the next room, Mama Rii-che did not want to be caught red-handed (sorry bout that), so she threw the evidence out the window.

When Hiam discovered his dilemma, the zipper factory had closed. Peering out the window, he spied the missing zippers. Calling to his friend Lee-Chur, a fellow classmate at Clut Choo U., Hiam hoped to retrieve the zipper perched on the chap's head.

Bombed with saki, Lee-Chur swaggered up the stairs to Hiam's bedroom. Under one arm he held a serving girl while his free hand grasped a copy of "How to Succeed at Clut Choo U. Without Really Studying." The zipper swayed atop his head.

Once in Hiam's room all hell broke loose. The serving girl, unaccustomed to seeing her boss dripping wet, clad in a Canon bath towel, frantically screeched and flung about numbered paper slips (given to guests in exchange for their bonnets). Lee-Chur started yelling old wrestling cheers while Hiam chased him around the room reaching for the zipper. (Ancient Chinese custom—rich man cannot touch the heads of saki-soaked people.) Hiam attempted to dislodge the zipper with a bonnet receipt.

Suddenly, the Mod squad (Makers Of Democracy) led by Captain Hi-C-U, stormed into the room arresting everyone on charges of illegal use of bonnet tabs.

It is written the lesson to be learned was spoken by Hi-C-U,

Do not remove a fly from your
friend's head with a hat check.

Proverb #3

Asking costs little.

Italian Proverb

On a slope in the Italian Alps there existed a small village. An expansion program was started in 1619 by the inhabitants of Whatsamattayou. They decided to attract the frequent tourists who never stopped in the village longer than an hour. A committee was appointed consisting of the most prominent villagers: Mayor Biggabelli, who also ran the noodles factory; Mr. Skinnabodi, the village complainer; Father Cleenacheeksa, the village pastor; Mr. Goldberg, the town professor, and Mrs. Maura Goldberg, the Irish wife of the town professor.

The main question they faced was how to attract tourists. This was the constant puzzle at the yearly meetings. Because of their busy lives the villagers could only get together once a year on the fourth of July i.e. Independence Day.

Everyone had a solution. In 1620, Mayor Biggabelli suggested tempting the taste-buds of tourists with free meals of Biggabelli Noodles (to be subsidized by the town treasury). His idea boiled over because the Mayor's noodles barely fed the village after he took out his own portion for meals. The committee knew that he could never feed the tourists, the village, and himself. Greatly indignant about their rejection, Mayor Biggabelli said, "Justa you want soma free noodles againa, justa you waita."

Another year passed and Mr. Skinnabodi offered his solution: eliminate all the goody-goody villagers who give Whatsamattayou a sugar-sweet name. "A Dorisa Day image, thatsa whata you giva the towna," shouted Mr. Skinnabodi. Having traveled to Las Vegas as an adolescent, he had seen how profitable wicked practices can become. An immediate motion by Father Cleenacheeksa vetoed Mr. Skinnabodi from all subsequent meetings. The village complainer left Whatsamattayou the next day.

Father Cleenacheeksa, in 1622, addressed the weary committee suggesting bingo on Saturday nights in the Church basement. No one knew what 'bingo' meant so they asked the priest to explain. He bravely admitted, "I donna know whata she is. I thoughta wona you woulda. Somaplaca I reada she helpsa Churcha to getta membas."

They all knew the only ones left were Mr. and Mrs. Goldberg. Turning to them, the chairman, Mayor Biggabelli, asked for their suggestion this year because no one could go through another year anticipating a solution. Mr. Goldberg, who had been educated at Oxford, said, "Well, ole chaps, we've overlooked a primary resource in our community. That being the Alps. I 'ope that my idear will be sufficient. Why not o'pin a ski ahrea."

Mrs. Goldberg added, "Begorra me friends, if we ull charge a smull pittance we'll av ull the skiirs in the wurd cum 'ere."

Because of their worldly experience and frugal nature the Goldbergs won over the committee. After deciding to open a ski area with a modest admission price the committee voted on a slogan to advertise:

A skiing costa littel.

For further information and data concerning the proverbs contact Dr. B. Yard at the Spicket Fishing Hole in Lawrence.

—Patricia Bernard

Trilogy: To Summer and John A.

I. Prologue — January 1967

I cannot Love you.
Love, even false, needs food —
It grows and swells, leechlike, on promises:
On promises and sense and small requests:
(Please stop smoking. Can't you match your socks?)
And tiny sacrifices:
(I'll cut my hair. I'll wear lots of blue.)
Glutted with this blood, Love licks his claws,
Sneers,
And creeps away when backs are turned.
So, Lovers are left here
With short hair. No cigarettes. Matching socks and too much blue.
And, of course, each other.

II. Marblehead

I remember how we woke
That first morning,
Dressed quickly and stole across the rocks in the harbor, shivering,
(The village still asleep
Save for one lobsterman rowing out with his traps,)
Our footsteps crunching barnacles and snails.
The buoys dinged softly in the still-dark and the soft muffled
Mutterings of half-sleeping gulls crossed the harbor
And faded in the mist.

We sat, it must have been an hour,
Silent,
And we watched the fog burn off.

The violet paled to silver, and the sea and sky merged,
the place of union marked by one single rock.

The gulls stirred and, awake, began to mew;
the only other sound, the creak of oars, drifted from below.
Sailboats, anchored off, were no more clear than their
reflections, as they rose and fell, reflected masts unbroken.

We could not tell when the pink glow started
Nor where it stopped.

We were surprised
that the sun first appeared a bit above the surface of the water,
above the rock, between it and the island.
It made a trail across to us and the wind freshened
And the water lived — Real waves now —
and it sparkled in our eyes.

We left then, still unspeaking, back across the rocks more carefully.
The lobsterman, half-way back, warned they were slippery.
The oil from newer boats.

No doubt we looked "city" — he spoke to us awhile
through his bristly grey beard.

"the best time of day" he said and he wore a green slicker and a hat.
(I never knew they really did.)

He nodded us good-bye and turned
to traps and we walked up the stone stairs and
Paused at the rail
at the top.

Just us three and the gulls.

III. Epilogue — January 1968

Once,
long ago, perhaps,
all through Spring and Summer, we
laughed, with waterfalls and kites.
'We were a celebration
We were a Whole Parade.'
Perhaps it was the rain, or
when the wild ducks left,
but we did not agree with November.
Our promises grew dusty and
the pink-and-silver faded and
was gone. But there **was** a pink-and-silver,
or had been,
and other mornings nearly as full of peace.
Forever would have spoiled us anyway:
the gulls could not keep, nor could we stay
the dull-gold leaves that drifted past on that river.

Best that you left with the same wind that
Rattled the dead oak leaves, before the snow.

* * *

Once, long ago perhaps, I
Loved you,
For a time.
It was not less, not being forever.

I shall not forget the curve of your shoulder
Or the way our minds fit, for a spring,
And our hands.

—P. J. Price

Lost Love

Just a shadow of life
 departed from reality,
But ever present within
 the chamber of unreality.
An infrequent smile or word
 to feed a dove
That throbs internally
 with the woe of an unfound escape!

—Sandi Newsome

Trees

True beauty is theirs
i feel the beckoning breeze
and watch the arthritic flags
calling

Oh the anxiety i feel
for want to join
Green against the Blue

—Jay Rizzetto

The North Star

The north star
In the sky
And you
And I
And a window from which we
Gaze
And two voices exchanging
Words
And a caption of a memory
So sacred
To one
Yet only sacred because of
The other.

—M. Barbara Howes

Falling, Falling

into this pit, this abyss,
this hell.

Formed by infinite passions.

Scarred with remains of Tennyson's Table
and Milton's Paradise.

Its aura seems to steal away consciousness,
to blur the intellect; Emotion dominates.

One last branch to grasp and stop the
descent. . . . Pride . . . even that now
Slips from reach, abandons me.

Falling, falling,
damned to this pit, this abyss,
this beautiful hell.

—Richard O'Brien

Tonada

Molly A. Lambing

ALLEGRETTO

Handwritten musical score for "Tonada" by Molly A. Lambing. The score is in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major (two flats), and marked "ALLEGRETTO". It consists of six systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system includes dynamics "pp" and "p". The sixth system includes the dynamic "mf". The notation includes various note values, rests, and chordal textures.

Handwritten musical score on page 49, featuring ten systems of staves. Each system consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The notation includes various musical elements:

- System 1:** Treble staff has a complex chordal structure with a long note and a fermata. Bass staff has a melodic line with eighth notes.
- System 2:** Treble staff has a melodic line with eighth notes. Bass staff has a melodic line with eighth notes.
- System 3:** Treble staff has a melodic line with eighth notes. Bass staff has a melodic line with eighth notes.
- System 4:** Treble staff has a melodic line with eighth notes. Bass staff has a melodic line with eighth notes.
- System 5:** Treble staff has a melodic line with eighth notes. Bass staff has a melodic line with eighth notes.
- System 6:** Treble staff has a melodic line with eighth notes. Bass staff has a melodic line with eighth notes.
- System 7:** Treble staff has a melodic line with eighth notes. Bass staff has a melodic line with eighth notes.
- System 8:** Treble staff has a melodic line with eighth notes. Bass staff has a melodic line with eighth notes.
- System 9:** Treble staff has a melodic line with eighth notes. Bass staff has a melodic line with eighth notes.
- System 10:** Treble staff has a melodic line with eighth notes. Bass staff has a melodic line with eighth notes.

Dynamic markings include *p* (piano) in the first system and *mp* (mezzo-piano) in the tenth system.

Handwritten musical score on page 50, featuring six systems of staves. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, slurs, and dynamic markings. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature is 4/4.

System 1: Treble and Bass staves. Treble staff has a long slur over the first two measures. Dynamics: *p* (piano) in the second measure, *CRSC.* (crescendo) in the third measure.

System 2: Treble and Bass staves. Dynamics: *f* (forte) in the first measure, *dim.* (diminuendo) in the second and fourth measures.

System 3: Treble and Bass staves. Dynamics: *f* in the first measure, *dim.* in the second measure, *f* in the third measure, *dim.* in the fourth measure. There are accents (>) over the eighth notes in the third measure of both staves.

System 4: Treble and Bass staves. Dynamics: *pp* (pianissimo) in the first measure, *p* in the second measure. There is an accent (>) over the eighth note in the second measure of the Bass staff.

System 5: Treble and Bass staves. Dynamics: *pp* in the first measure, *p* in the second measure. There is an accent (>) over the eighth note in the second measure of the Bass staff.

System 6: Treble and Bass staves. Dynamics: *pp* in the first measure, *p* in the second measure. There is an accent (>) over the eighth note in the second measure of the Bass staff.

Handwritten musical score on page 51, featuring five systems of staves. The notation includes various notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The score is written in a style typical of 19th-century musical manuscripts.

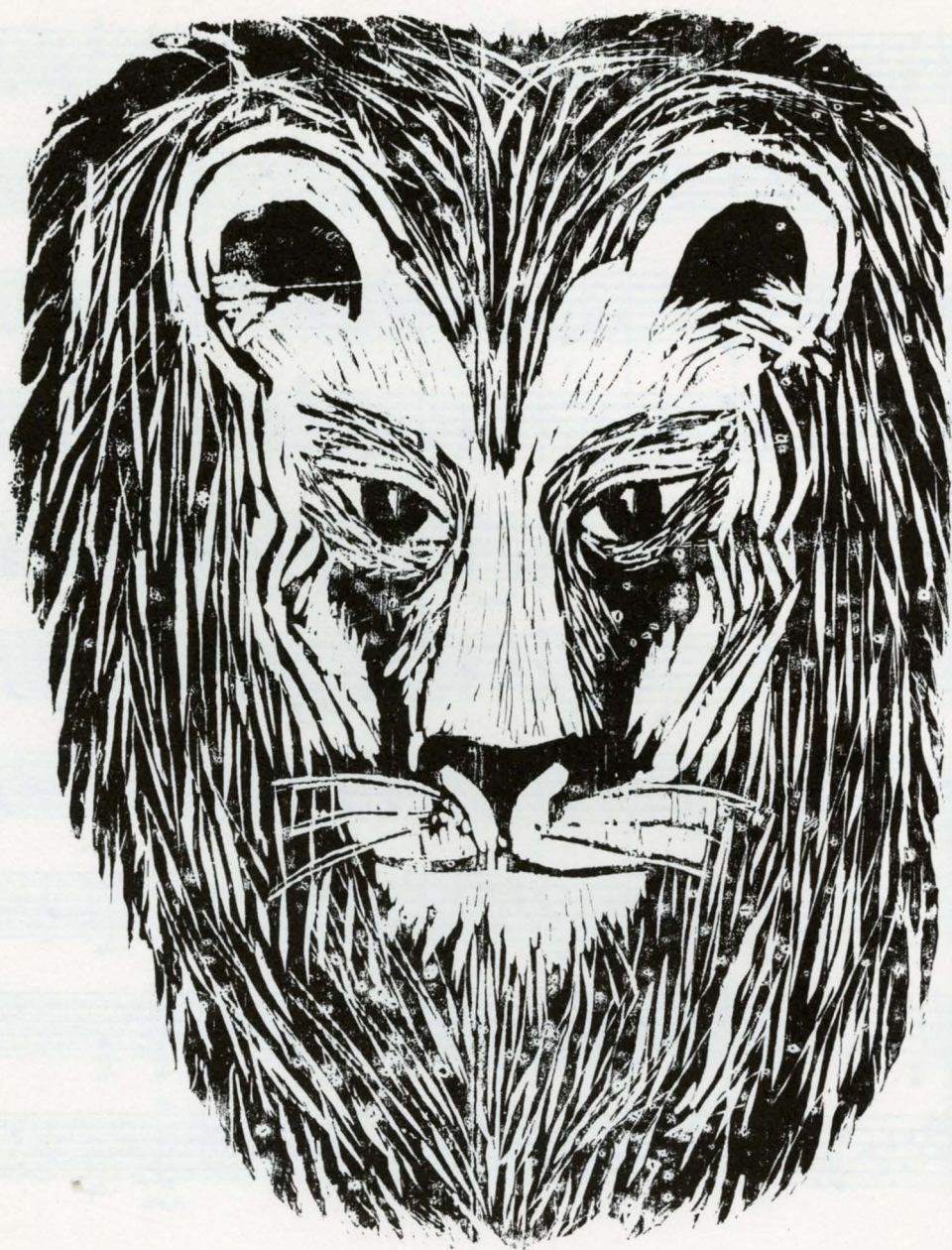
System 1: Four measures. Treble clef has chords and eighth notes. Bass clef has a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

System 2: Four measures. Similar to System 1, with chords and eighth-note accompaniment.

System 3: Four measures. Treble clef features a *mf* marking and a long note with a fermata. Bass clef continues the eighth-note accompaniment.

System 4: Four measures. Treble clef has a *p* marking and a whole rest in the first measure. Bass clef continues the eighth-note accompaniment.

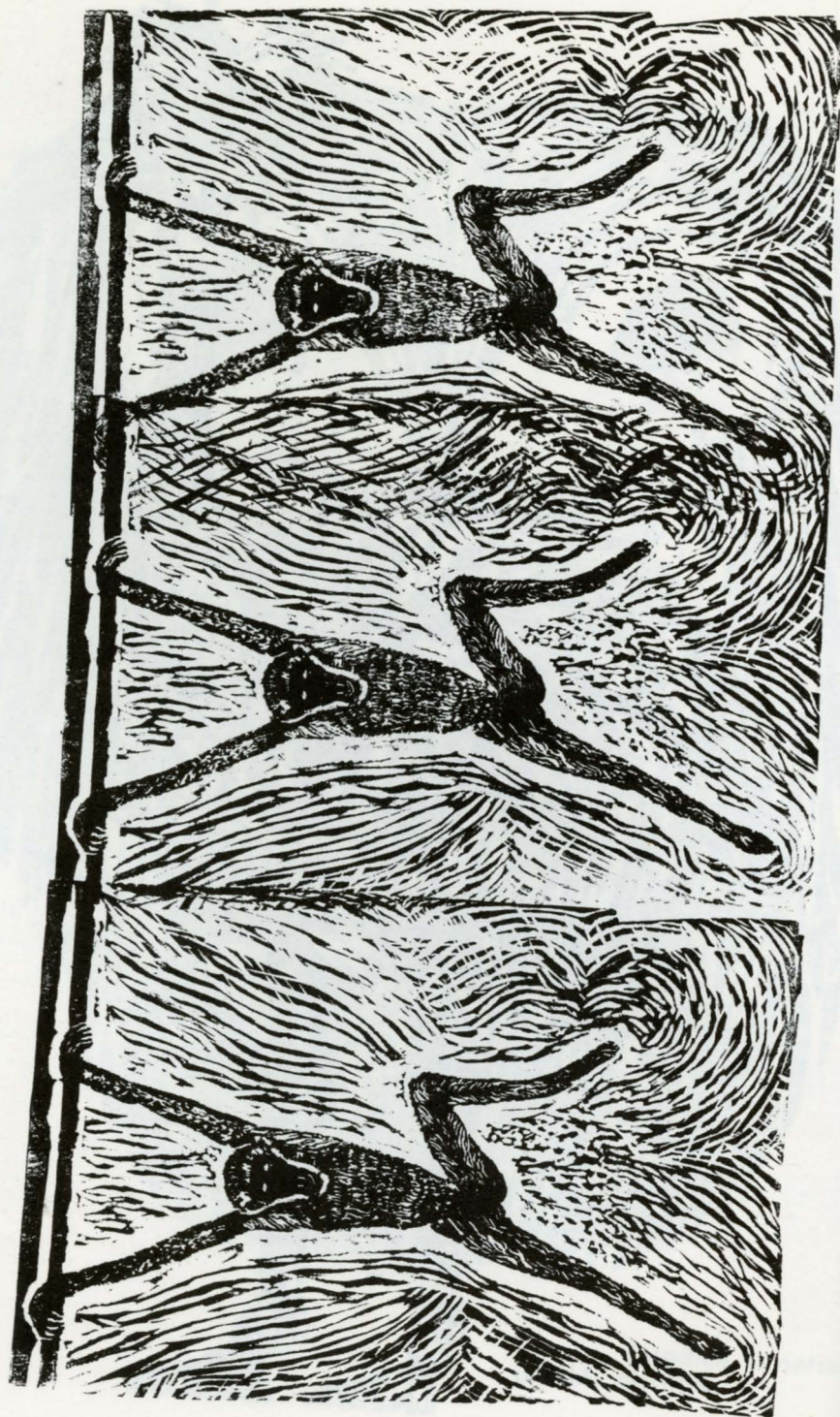
System 5: Four measures. Treble clef has a *ret. morendo* marking. The system ends with a *Sma* (Sforzando) marking and a fermata.

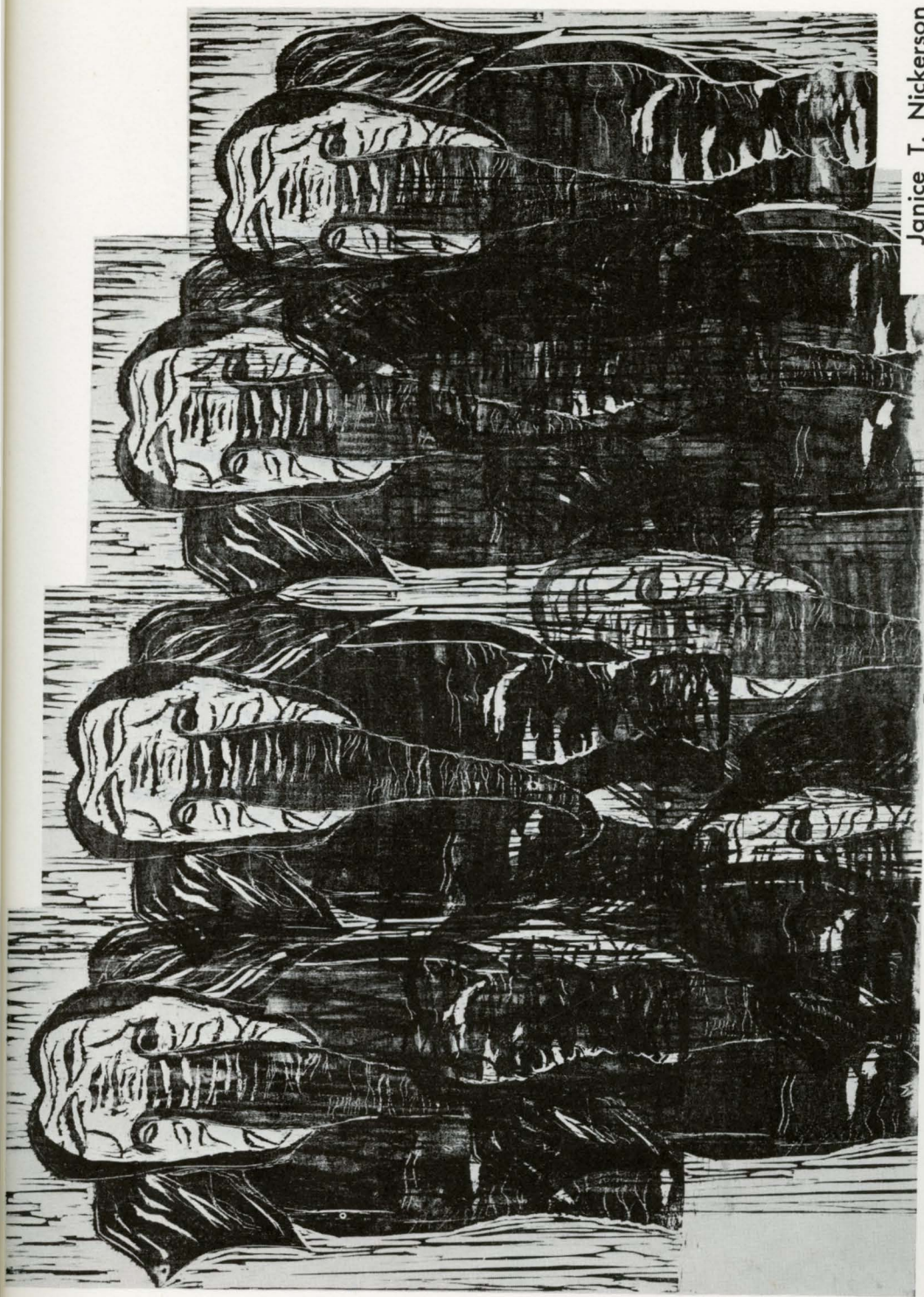


Candice Lunetta



Patricia Alonzi





Janice T. Nickerson

The Dandelion

Viewed from above with the eye very near
One can see more than a ball of gray fuzz.
Here is a quiet celebration.
This close focus blends the background green.
The sphere becomes a circle.
Minute brownish spokes radiate from its center.
They end in an explosion of haze-gray goblets.
Each goblet is engraved with a star at its base
Where a spoke is attached.
Such perfect vessels do not clink
As they make a circular toast to the lives they carry.
Then the wind, like wine, fills each to the brim
And separates them.

—Elizabeth Balise

The Thought

I spied a calf
Unbranded in my milling herd.

He disappeared
A moment behind the old familiar
Shapes of cows and steers
I'd branded other times,
Then straggled into
View again, his mother near.

We pounced on
Him there. My cutting horse knew well
The subtle art of charge
And stop, feint, and
Charge again.

(Even so, he almost slipped us.)

We cut him from
His mother and the herd. I flung
My rope and dragged him bawling
To the ground. He thrashed a bit
And squirmed beneath
My knee. But I, determined, burned the youngster
With my sign.

He rose to join the others. Mine.

—Suzanne Molleur

The Skies of Being

Morning, a good morning;
A better half arrives, ever-awakening
To new sounds, visions, and ways—
A new day has come, smiling
And sparkling anew the downy dew of dawn's past.

Morning, a good morning;
Sprinkles life to souls in restful slumber
That have found themselves again,
And are ready to radiate energy in a bright hot sun
Of tomorrow which is today's morning and always there . . .

Morning, a good morning;
Solely rising by itself, seeking
To be only what it can be
And what being can do for another
As needful as itself.

Morning, a good morning;
Standing on its own, aware that
It has found itself in the daytime
Of a busy cruel world that endlessly spins
Its way through morning skies.

Morning, a good morning;
Slowly weaving its way through time,
Never looking back but going on
Regardless of what the world may do or say
About a good morning of a day . . .

It has found itself within
The skies of being.

—Rachel Soucy

Reflections on You

Wind, light and free
As the cloud
You thought looked like a ship
And I thought resembled a tree

Whispered by
On the fringe
Of a half-realized
Thought.

Whispered too soft
To grasp fully
But enough
To feel.

—K. E. Hobbs

The Unsure Mind in Ambulation

Let's go walking down the lane
Hand in hand, we'll go walking, stalking, talking through the meadows
And the undulations of the heath
Will make us rise and fall
Like the merry-go-round's hobbyhorse with the spot on his forehead
And the sticky pole that little children drool on with their lollipopped
tongues and their cotton-candied hands.

Let's go walking through the fields
Hand in hand, we'll go walking, stalking, talking through the forest
Where the lady-slippers peek out through a carpet of leaves and ever-
green needles
With the stink and the stench of the trash and litter permeating the
nostrils
Because of the carelessness of a humanoid toothpick marching through
a layer of smog
With a gun in his hand and a knife in his back
And the blood and guts trickle down his vertabrae
Colouring his fatigues a deep russet hue.

Let's go walking o'er the bridge
Hand in hand, we'll go walking, stalking, talking through the portal
Through the drawbridge, o'er the threshold of a love that can't be hid
by a masque of papier mache
And the creche of human brotherhood is hit by a spotlight
Flashing a rainbow of colour across the screen of friendly kindness
Where the grass is always greener on your own side
And the earth is fructified—fraught with shoots of beauty
Forms of flowers of every possible race, colour, and creed dotting the
scene.

Let's go walking—
Let's go stalking—
Let's go talking—
Of harmony and peaceful coexistence.
Hand in hand, palm to palm, fingers bent and juxtaposed
And the inclined ear hears all—and the roaming eyeballs see all.
And the convictions of men are the wants and the virtues and the needs
Of a homo sapien world of madness, anger, slaughter, rape, and sex
So that a transformation of malice is the life of every individual
And our attempts at peace and brotherhood aren't in vain.

Let's go walking—

Let's go stalking—

Let's go talking—

Hand in hand, we'll go walking, stalking, talking—

But the voice of hypocrisy tends to force a hoarse cry of dignity from
a slashed throat

The gurgling of blood and the flapping skin from the lacerated gorge
Open a pathway to the inner voice of asphyxiated Happiness, now
dead and gone.

Why should we go walking?

Why should we go stalking?

Why should we go talking?

Hand in hand, we vaporize all possible chances of a majestic triumph
over sexual trivia

And a cancerous growth amidst a throng of dolls blots out, paralyzes,
and kills all, infects all, divides all.

And the phlegmatic effort in a languid area creates neither a ruckus
nor a passive resistance

But rather a concerted effort in the form of indifference.

How can we go walking?

How can we go stalking?

How can we go talking?

Hand in hand, people shout loud cries of joy and sorrow both, in the
syllables of 'Hallelujah' and 'Amen'

Piercing the eardrum, forcing a teardrop to cross the cheek and flood
the freckles spotting the nose—a sniff is heard

Can we understand the runny nose of a 'mud-pig' in the gutter or the
urchin with his hand in the banker's pocket

Pickpocketing a silk handkerchief with the initials 'LSD' embroidered
in gold thread intertwined with a blood-red ribbon

Symbolic of the scourge of a thousand curses uttered in madness, or
muttered with consideration?

Let us walk—

Let us stalk—

Let us talk—

Hand in hand, we'll come to our ultimate destiny—the fate of the
meddling crowd, close-bounded in non-conformist tasks of
rage and demon-strations

Let us find our goal and follow the gregarious objectors to the gulf of
a utopian paradise.

—Thomas Proctor

Mill Pond



Celine DeWitt of le Rue de Musk

I strayed and laboured awhile in thought
as I recalled her first and last.

Thru orchestral darts flung from
symphonic strings and entrapped
within my inner ear, I wandered
amidst the Met's great halls. Her and me.

The jetsam of battle would not
unhurry her in mood or thought,
for as she spoke, she engreened all
about and enflowered her presence.

And love itself is as much unbeautiful
as she, in any way.

But to her own flings and gay endeavors
I say, the world must shatter, for the
folly her progenitors laboured, the
fake of her name and the sins of her
ways are all upon her fruitless games
of love with another of her kind.

—Gerry Marchand

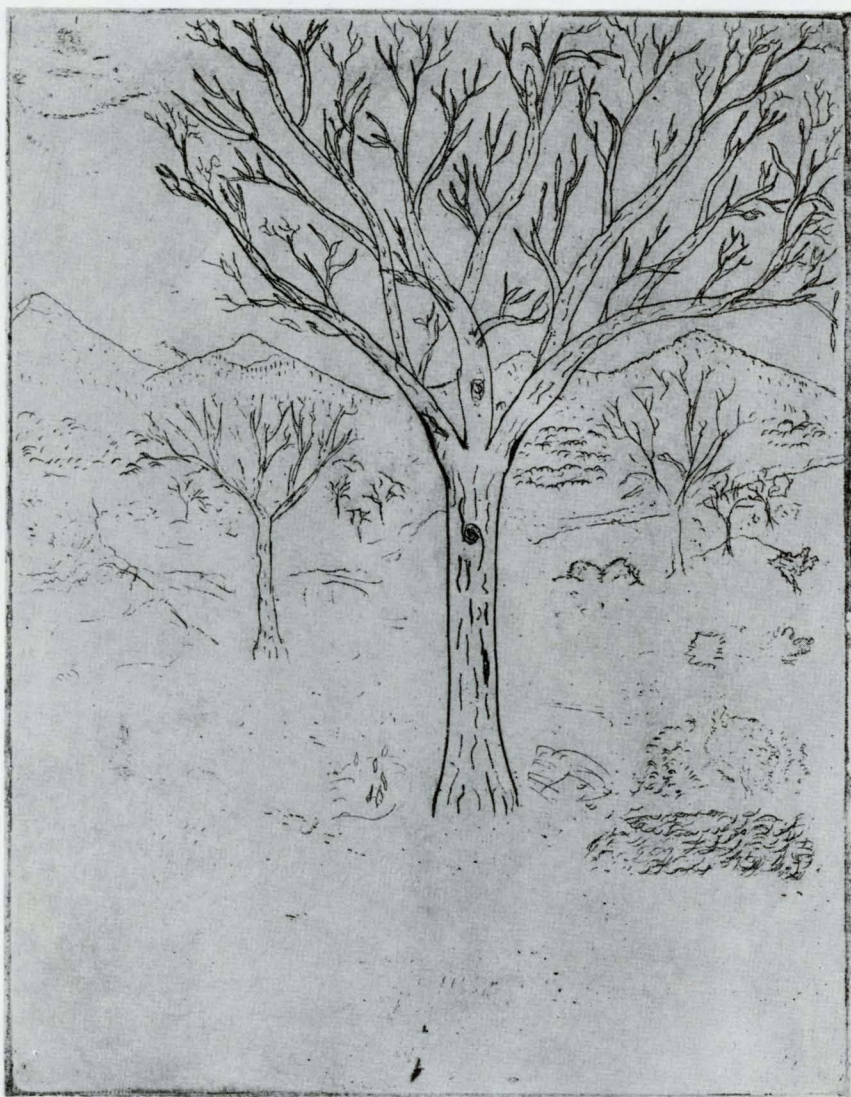
Why Not Death

Why not death, a trip unique,
Mainlined immediately causes sensation
of the heights of rest and peace.
Promises silken bed permeated
with sweet scent of
flowers,
damp earth, and
Outward signs of lost tenderness.
Why not death, peculiar, inexpensive,
One fix assures retention
of an unparalled freedom.
Promises release from war,
pain, hate,
deceit and
The danger of addiction.

—Richard O'Brien



Carol Pepin



Gary Travis

A Rose for You and Everyone

Some hear silence and shudder—not I
Some hear voices and also shudder—not I
Some do not even bother to listen—not I

Some say I am strange because I am drawn to this place
Some recoil in fear of me because I find comfort here
Some do not even bother to consider me because I am
 "not worth the time"

But here there is no time — for there is no life, only death
And here there is no silence — for there are no voices to
 speak, only to whisper
Here there is no person — no me, only everyone

And what is it, you ask, that draws me to this place again,
 and again and again
And I reply, that perhaps I am not drawn, but driven
And you are silent

But, you ask, who drives you here
And I reply, perhaps it is you, everyone
And again you are silent

And I laugh
And you wonder
And I explain

I am not drawn nor driven
But rather I am brought
Just as you are brought; just as everyone is brought

By whom, you ask
By God? by the Devil? who knows? I reply
And again you are silent

No man is ever alone here — so whoever brings us here is a
 friend
No man comes here willingly — so whoever brings us here is
 an enemy

So who is it? what is it? do you know?

Your silence is my answer
Your silence is your answer
And again you are silent

—Audrey Moses

New Years

in ordering their existence,
mindless people wrap their
tinsel lives in carefully filled
boxes:
rainbow cards and planned memories
for future references in
board-creaking attics.
still
another yuletide chapter ends
without a thought. in
shadows of happy expectancy, they
offer hopeful hands to images
of a santa-claused
'good year' world. entirely
fresh.
new.
needing.
party hats, drums, balloons
and noisemakers bade the
old into swirling quiet
snows; while bubbling champagne
toasts the untried new.
and then

POP.....
january second.

—linda m. quinn

Words

Words

What are they?

Sounds—meant then

not now

Words

Like

Falling flakes of

Snow

Huddling into a

Mass

Then with the

Slightest change

in time

melting,

water,

running,

evaporating

Gone—forever.

—M. Barbara Howes

Food For Clowns

Miss Lillian lived alone in a three story, two family brown clapboard house set in a neighborhood where every fifth house was identical except for the color. Her hair was a tangle of snaking black and white splashes that split at her rounded shoulder blades. And her skin, pale yellow, toned down expansive pupils that mirrored anyone in front of her and made the beholder sense himself caged deep within the stalagmites of her elderly mind.

Days would pass and, with one exception, the broken cobble walk to her domain would see itself untrespassed. On Saturdays, the weekly milkman marched the steps to her porch, set a case of milk and some staples at her door and then retreated with the empties. There was always one empty clinking with the handful of coppers Miss Lillian used to pay for his services. It probably wasn't enough money, but years of habit kept bringing him back to her door. Everyone knew Miss Lillian didn't drink the milk herself; everyone knew she subsisted on bread and water. The milk was for her cats, two smelly Angoras; and even though they were both white, we called one Whitie and one Blackie and none of us knew which was which.

When I speak of us, I mean me and the rest, all four of us. We're all fifteen and we all live within a block of Miss Lillian. Occasionally when we were out for a Friday night, we'd gather in the rear of Miss Lillian's yard, sit around her stone incinerator that resembled a backyard fireplace and wait. Then, as darkness approached, from a safe distance we'd eye her windows, waiting for her shadow. And we'd all hush as her darkly draped form shone through the dark glass. There she was, an ancient witch in her temple. A princess tendering her two cats as they sat upon the kitchen table; their heads bent, licking milk from a shallow bowl. As they drank, Miss Lillian stood erect with her hands folded, as in prayer, just below her chin. And the cats licked and licked, competing with one another for the greater quantity of nourishment. Occasionally, as if aware eyes were following them, the cats jerked their heads from the bowl and directed their bright green pupils at our faces. But then, as if satisfied no threat existed, they continued curling their tongues in the liquid. All the while, Miss Lillian stood in the same position — erect, with her fingers tightly entwined beneath her chin. The contents of the shallow bowl were soon gone and the cats raised their heads in unison.

At this point Miss Lillian reached somewhere below the table and produced two large votive candles. These she placed in the middle of the table, about twelve inches apart; and directly between them she stood a small crucifix. Into

the folds of her skirt she reached and drew a stubby wooden match that, when scratched on the surface of a table, was used to light the candles. Under the illumination of the candles, Miss Lillian's hand reached directly above her head, tugged at a string, extinguished a bulb. The scene was cast into an array of twitching shadows. Shadows flitting from Miss Lillian to one cat, to the other cat and back to Miss Lillian again. Miss Lillian's form bent at the stomach and knees as she assumed a profile of prayer. The cats didn't move. Stillness pervaded for the next two or three minutes. Then, from out of the twitching shadows, Miss Lillian's hand inclined itself to a height of four inches above the table. Slowly, gently, the hand reached the nape of the closest cat's neck. She lifted the cat, facing it, she drew it close to her face. Her lips parted, formed an oval, the cat was drawn closer and closer until its mouth was kissed. Then the left hand reproduced the actions of the right and the second cat received the same loving treatment. From this attitude Miss Lillian replaced the cats in their respective positions on the table. Soothing them with her speech, she pet them for the next fifteen minutes. Then, reaching into the heavy pleats of her skirt again, she produced a small cloth sack the size of a tea bag. The cats, immediately sensing its presence, quickly turned on it, scratching at one another for possession of the object. Miss Lillian observed, obviously delighted; her long face and thin lips twisted to assume a smile.

As the cats withdrew from the frenzied state and turned toward stupor, Miss Lillian's bony fingers clutched both by the neck's nape and drew them close to her bosom.

II

Miss Lillian occupied one side of a two family house; the other side was never occupied in my lifetime. The house itself was quite old having been built by one of the nearby mills during the days when water power took precedence over electricity. A house of such age was bound to be scorned by younger people and we never entered the house until yesterday when curiosity pushed us to force the cellar door of the unoccupied half of the house.

The cellar harbored a puddle of darkness that flowed into our eyes and severed sight. And the black air choked our throats as the cellar, releasing its long held breath, stirred clouds of irritating coal dust. I, in the lead, turned to escape, but those to the rear refused me passage, so I turned and groped through the black. As my eyes adjusted, solid blacks transformed to murky greys. And through two small cellar windows to the front, traces of white could be seen threading through the black dust.

All the while we were mutes, coupled to one another, grasping the backs of each other's shirts, training through the broken chairs and solid work benches that littered the floor. With much trepidation we reached the base of the cellar

stairs. Those coupled to me forced my ascent. There was no railing and each step, unsure, was slow and deliberate. Twelve steps with a right turn on the sixth step and we reached the door that led into the house. We froze in anticipation's grasp. I turned the knob and lightly pushed the door. Nothing. This time I placed my right shoulder against the door and pushed with my leg muscles. Webs and fragments of wood fell, light leaked in and the door opened to a large kitchen.

The kitchen appeared strange, the likes of which none of us had ever seen before. The first thing I noticed was the sink-situated right on the middle of the wall facing us as the door opened. It was large and deep, shaped like the Washington Monument with its tip cut off. Two legs in front and several bolts in the back through the wall held the sink from the floor. And instead of being shiny white, it was four stone-grey slabs cemented together to form a basin. Underneath a tangle of pipes was visible, some of them bound in black tape to thwart leaking joints. About three feet to the left of the sink stood a pudgy black-iron stove; the kind fired by kerosene. Its black metal body squatted on four stubby legs shaped like fig leaves. On the face, two heavy doors with finger-sized knobs hid the oven. Above that was a flat surface, a carbon coated hotplate where all the cooking was done.

As I looked about the room the walls were in two distinct sections. The top half, plaster and painted yellow, was decorated periodically with decals of men and women dancing, harvesting and singing. Below, the walls' construction was of verticle one inch slats stained light brown. The upper and lower half of the wall were held apart by a horizontal wood border that traveled around the room.

As my eyes followed the border, it was impossible to miss the kitchen table. Its flat rectangular surface came just even with the middle of the wall and hid the border. A dried and cracked oilcloth decorated with roses and violets was unevenly spread over the surface of the table. In many places the stems of the flowers had peeled and now craggy brown cracks served as stems. Jutting from under the cloth were four green legs—all straight down and plain. Near the legs, on the floor, pages of an old newspaper caught the dirt from our feet as we tread there.

It was a morning issue of the "Chronicle" about forty years old. The headlines read, "Twins Gassed."

I remember my father telling that story before, I was young then, but I remember. Miss Lillian lived in this side of the house; she was a young woman then and not unattractive. For a long time she never left the house but had everything she needed delivered to her door. And then, after a while, the neighbors heard crying from over here. But soon after, Miss Lillian was out and around, good as ever, greeting everyone with a smile. She wasn't out too often though, just to get what she needed and she didn't get it in town; she went clear to the next county. No one knew much until about a year later when sticking out from under the curtains, looking out Miss Lillian's front window, were a

pair of heads. Two girls. Identical. The neighbors, of course, talked. There were questions like, "Are they really Lil's?" And, "Who's the father?" The answers to these questions were all speculative and no one asked Miss Lillian anything.

About three weeks after the neighbors saw the heads, Miss Lillian went out to do her shopping chores. She must have been gone longer than she expected, the way she rushed back to the house hours later. Perhaps she had a premonition. Anyway, she was too late getting back and that's what the newspaper was all about. Peacefully sleeping in the kitchen of the house were the twins, lulled by a whispering gas jet.

Miss Lillian didn't react much. She calmly walked to the other side of the house and asked her tenants to move and before they could argue, she was gone. The outraged neighbors chased to her apartment and barged in the door only to find the sleeping twins. They called the sheriff; he took the bodies. It was evident how they died; the coroner even said so. But burial was delayed until Miss Lillian could be reached to "answer some questions." Days passed, weeks passed, no Miss Lillian, and the sheriff ordered the burial done. The twins were laid side by side in a large black coffin, and with little affair they were laid to rest in Miss Lillian's family plot in South Cemetery. All while the twins were being buried word went around the town that, "It was a just punishment for the likes of Miss Lillian." And, "Anyone who did what she did deserved it."

About two years later Miss Lillian returned and took residence in the side of the house she's in now. They say she aged ten years in that time and this side of the house where the daughters died, as far as I know, was never disturbed since she returned. And Miss Lillian seldom left the house and no one ever visited her except once—the sheriff.

III

Dusk began to muddle the words of the newspaper and the room felt uncomfortably close. In the dark where the twins died was no place to be, so we retraced our steps down the cellar stairs, through the cellar and out the back door. As we emerged into the fading sunlight we could see two white shadows against a darkened background. Blackie and Whiteie stood silently, gazing at us as we escaped the house. My heart leaped with relief and with a sudden burst of energy I, like an animal lunging at its prey, lunged at one of the cats and he was in my hands. He made no noise. Someone else had the other cat. I dashed, everyone followed, to the large stone incinerator.

We stopped. I reached for the other cat, took it in my free hand and placed it face to face with its likeness. A pair of hands reached out with a belt and then another pair with another belt, and the hands wriggled their way through intricate patterns until the cats were thoroughly bound and facing each other. Gently, I lowered the pair to the ground and there set them in a restful attitude in the midst of the stone incinerator. We watched the house, waiting for Miss

Lillian to look out. All waited for the cats to move, to meow, to screech. Nothing. Neither cat would cooperate. Miss Lillian wouldn't hear them and stick her head out of the back window to yell us off.

The cats needed some prompting. I wanted to scare them, just a bit. I raised myself from my seated position. I turned in the dark and tightly grasped the large rock which had just served as my seat. I lifted its weight to my chest and extended my arms horizontally; now the rock was positioned four feet directly above the cats' heads. I looked up to the kitchen window. Miss Lillian wasn't there. The light was not on. The cross and candles were not set up. My hands and arms numbed from grasping the rock. I ordered my elbows to bend themselves in, but they were reluctant. My fingers hurt. My chest and back muscles stretched tight around my ribs restricting my breathing. The cats were still silent.

My friends were suddenly gone. My fingers still ached. But the rock was gone. And as if she had known something happened, Miss Lillian, silent, her lower jaw slung open and her eyes dazed, was close upon me. I scurried, hoping that darkness would sufficiently blind the old lady that she wouldn't recognize me.

Early the next morning I returned alone, wondering what I had done. In the fireplace was a mound of dirt half covering the stone I dropped. Thrust into the sand was the cross, and on both sides of the cross the votive candles flickered at the rising sun.

It was very early, early enough to see the milkman pull to the curb of Miss Lillian's. I edged to the front to see him do his chore and hoping to catch him on the way back and beg a piece of ice. He walked the path and left the case of milk. But on the return, he must have missed the clinking coppers for half-way down the stairs he stopped and heeled in the other direction. He reached the front door and with some impatience began beating it with his fist. He turned the knob and went in.

None of us knew why, but last night Miss Lillian died.

—John Faria

The Dingle

the haze has a dazing way
Tug at my youth, my memory.
Tempt me back to old sin.

"I don't want you in those woods alone!"
Wrap me, save me, in graying leaves of dwindling light.
Some bird twirs and trills.
A modeless song of meaning spills
Upon my straying mind.

To whom do I listen?

Mistaken

The bird was aroused by commotion.
His wings flicker.
He hails a black east.

Elizabeth Balise

Aphrodisiacs

If Mt. Ida'd had a kitchen,
would Hera, preparing to seduce
Zeus
from his rapt attention to the
nine-year clash over Helen
so jealous Poseidon could interfere,
have borrowed Aphrodite's most seductive recipe
as well as her embroidered cestus?
That near-pornographic belt, sewn with all love's charms—
desire, lovers' tender deceits, slender arms—
she wrapped around her ambrosial waist
(fresh from the bath) to
supply the psychophysiological lure.
Food would have been the internal: **cuisine de l'amour.**

Would Aphrodite,
that stopper of anthropomorphic traffic,
have given from her own well-stocked larder
of crustaceans, carrots, voluptuous celery,
mushrooms, asparagus, peppermint, savory,
stimulating nutmeg, ginseng, seductive thyme,
cloves, and bawdy vanilla?

As the artist creates illusion to evoke reality,
could Hera, to pique Zeus' virility,
incense him with artichokes?

To provoke omnisex,
could she have wrought a charming hex?

Imagine a cloud-line picnic,
complete with the amorous oyster
(which, half-shell, could empty a cloister),
with caviar couches on mountain snow;
with the classical soup of egg and lemon;
with pimientoes and saffron,
curried crayfish, tails, plump figs strung on twigs,
moist fistfuls of baklava,
the Huntress' own blinding absinthe,
eggnog laced with invigorating honey,
or an amphora of nectar.

Taking wifely care, Hera could thus have
made of a barren summit a Grecian

cabinet particulier.

Had she been more ept
she'd have kept
friend Zeus **in** sensual euphoria and **out** of wrath.

But she need not have combed Olympian pantries
for foods to inflame: rare powdered rhino's horn, the
infamous truffle.

Had she been less waspish, she'd have found
it simple to feed a lover;
the best aphrodisiac's love.

A. A. Fox

Last Dream

My last dream fled
into the night,
afraid to touch a cold,
bare floor of awake . . .

He stole my first trip
to a carnival,
cotton candy melting at
tongue-touch, but
pretty pink and fun to hold . . .

He brought along my dark
church, incense, smell and
smoke, weaving a prayer to
stain-glass heaven, soon
eye-evaporated, but
musty-fragrant and securely silent.

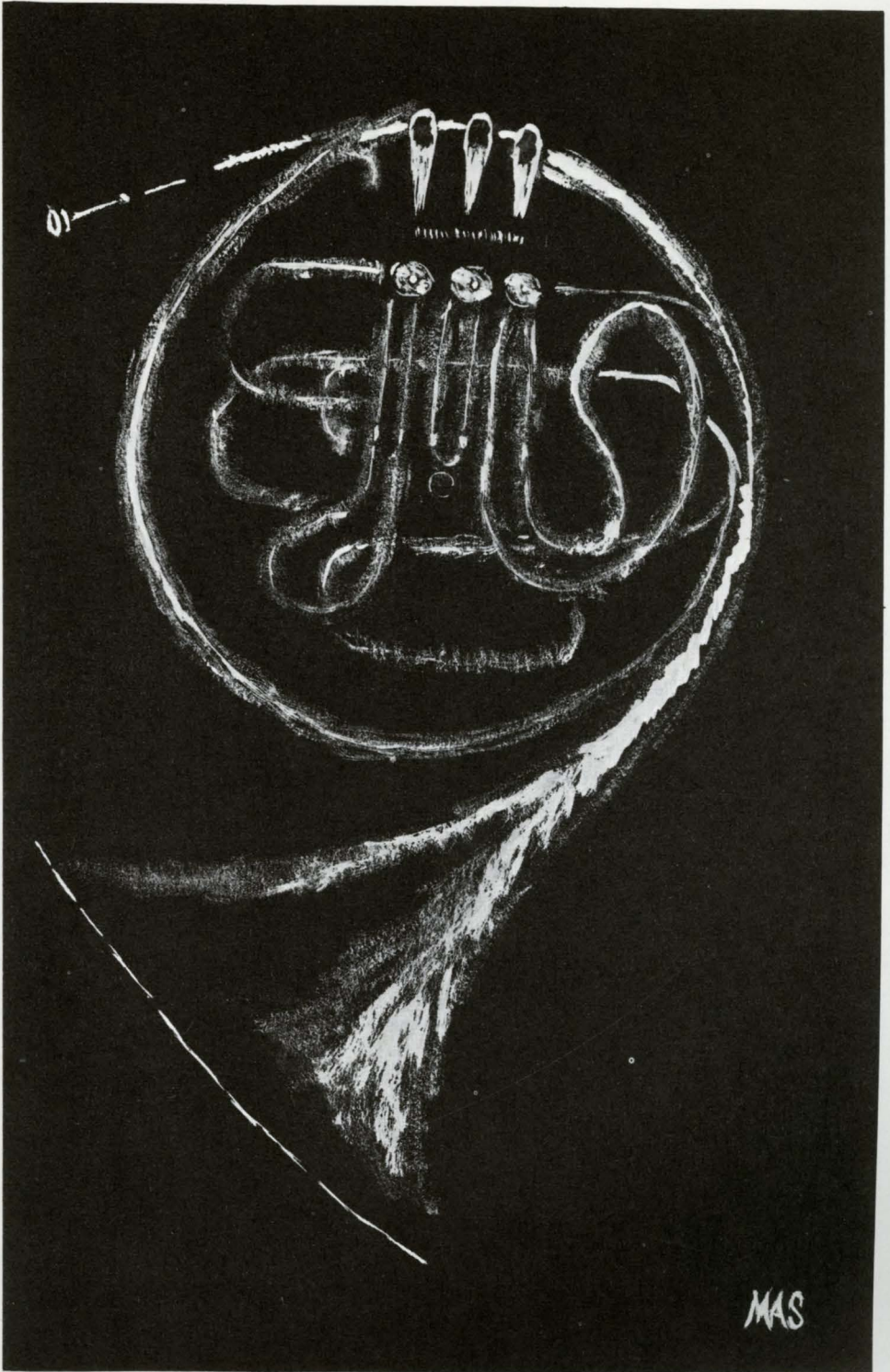
Away with him flew
moving, life-size pictures of
Pat and co., adventure-filled
and stuffed with self-appreciation.

All alone, forced to face
the blinding sun . . .
only one song left,

One melody of sky-fly notes
soundless unless it rings
with harmony.

Pat Bernard

Light on a Horn



A Song

If
Your
Heart were a shadow
 dancing on a wall

Then
I'd
Run just to catch it
 dancing on a wall

I'd
Scratch all my knuckles
 dancing dancing dancing

Bruise both my wrists
 dancing dancing dancing

My palms would be
Red raw Meat
 dancing dancing dancing

Dancing dancing dancing
 dancing dancing dancing

Dancing on the wall
 rub
 the
 blood
 a
 gainst
 your
 cheeks.

Robert Cyr

